

(Private and Confidential)

THE FIRST ACT OF SHAKESPEARE'S

King Richard III.

INTENDED AS A SPECIMEN OF
A NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

Cambridge :
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

1860

John Russell Smith Esqre

36 Soho Square
London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

Booksellers & Publishers,

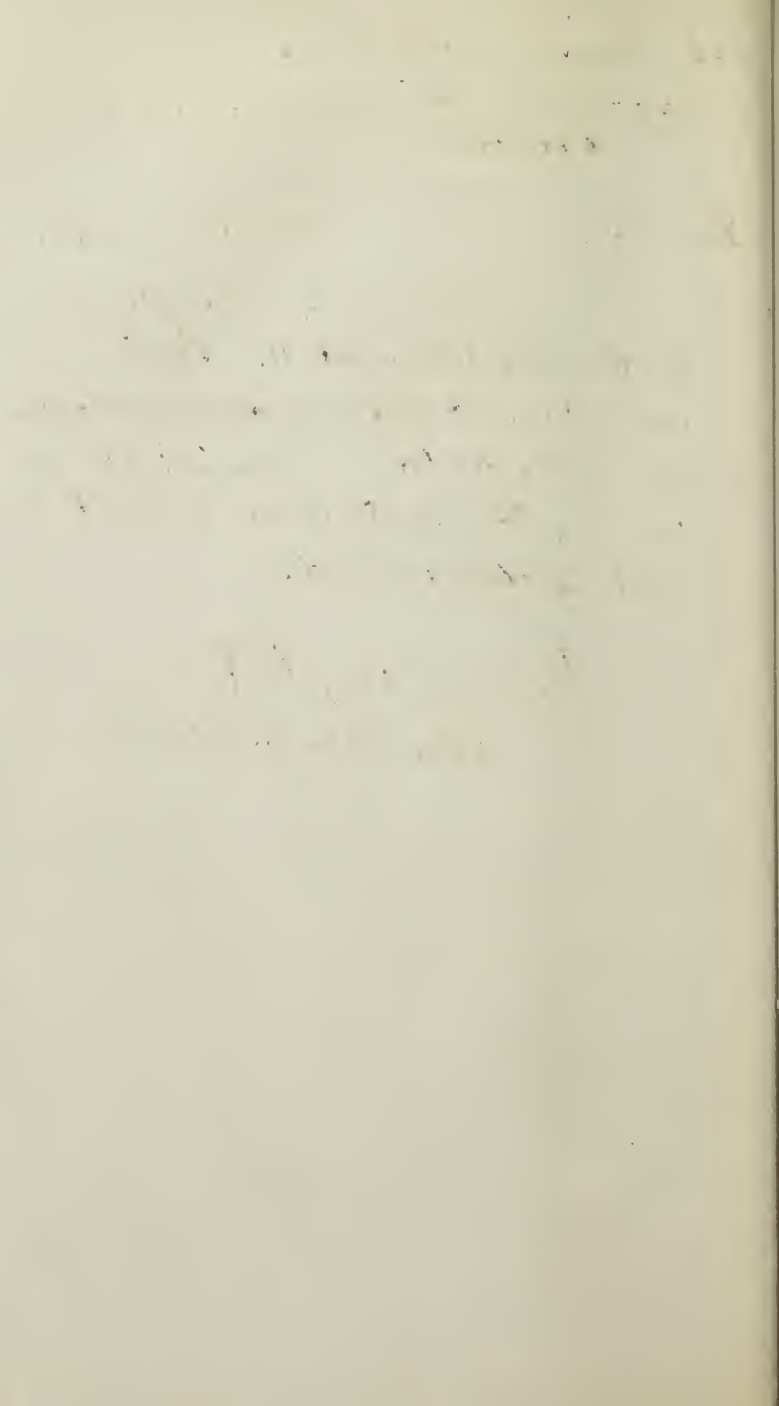
And at 23, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.)

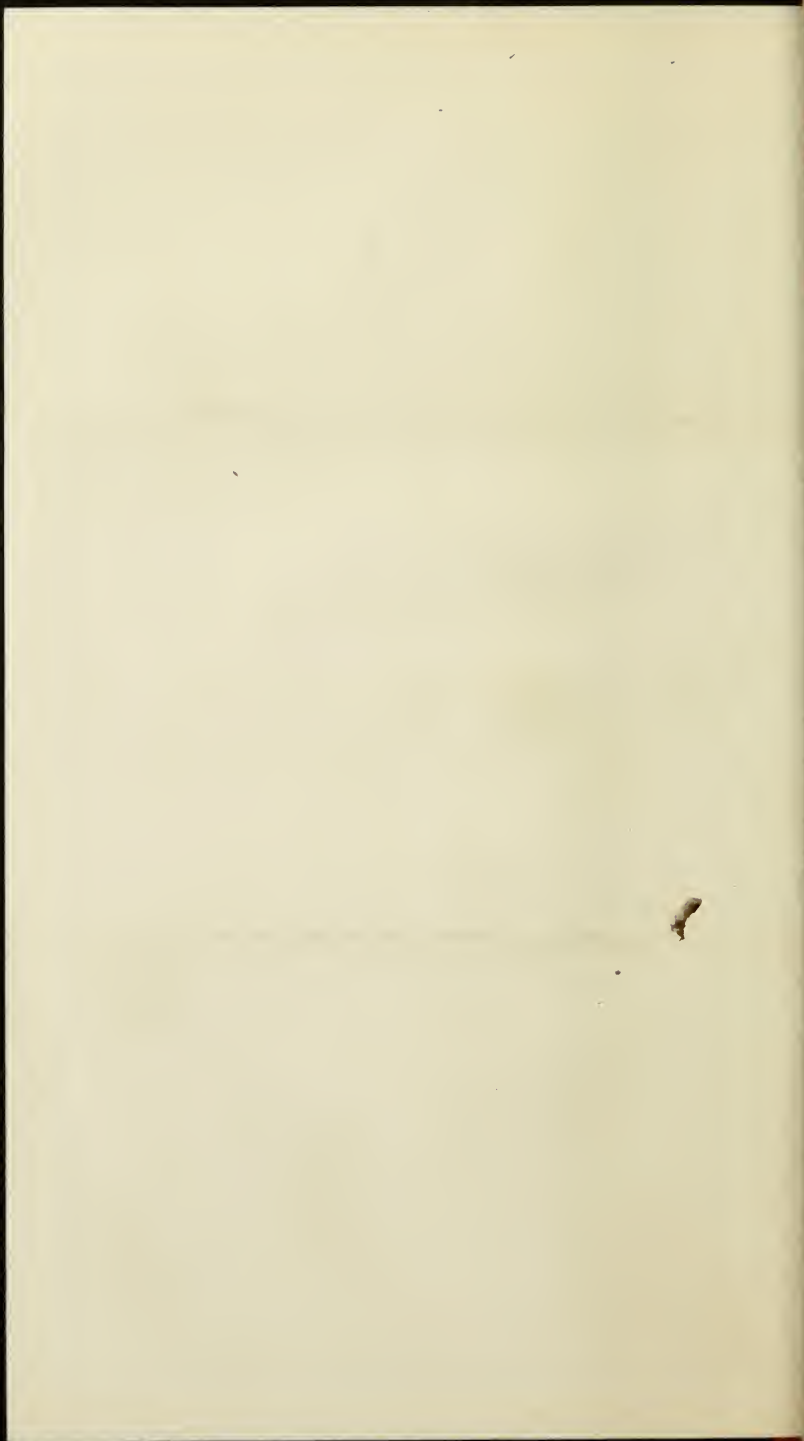
Dear Sir, Cambridge, April 10. 1863.

I have only a single copy left of the Richard II. But how can I resist the "greatest Shakespearian in the world"? I send it to you by this post, and hope it will be duly valued.

Yours very truly

Alex. Macmillan.





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THE FIRST ACT OF SHAKESPEARE'S
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P R E F A C E.

THE following specimen of a new edition of Shakespeare is put forward with the idea of obtaining opinions as to the feasibility of the plan adopted, and of gaining suggestions for its improvement. While Shakespeare has been edited on almost every conceivable plan, and his text overloaded with notes both critical and explanatory of all possible shades of merit, and by persons of all descriptions of intellect, it has appeared to us that a purely critical edition, based upon the early editions, and taking cognisance of whatever is noteworthy in the labours of subsequent editors, in the manner in which it has been customary to edit an ancient Latin or Greek classic, is still a desideratum. Our idea is to give nothing in the shape of illustrative or explanatory or even critical notes; but solely the various readings of the early editions, with the occasional mention of an emendation that commends itself by its beauty or ingenuity, though not possessing sufficient claim to be inserted in the text; the object being merely to establish as far as possible the true text of Shakespeare, leaving to

others the task of explaining the difficulties of the text when established. For such an undertaking Cambridge offers facilities of which perhaps no other place can boast. In the various libraries, and particularly in that of Trinity College, we have at hand almost all the materials requisite for the task, and among the many residents who have both sufficient leisure and practical acquaintance with the labours of collation, we trust we shall have no difficulty in finding associates in the work. Arrangements for the distribution of the work, its execution, and the general supervision necessary to insure unity of purpose and accuracy of detail, have been much discussed, and will, we think, be easily made. Nevertheless, on this point, as on others, we beg to invite suggestions from any friends who may feel an interest in our project.

The plan we have adopted in our specimen is as follows: The text is generally formed on that of the first quarto, *every* variation in the second, third, and fourth quarto, and the first two folios being given. If the reading in the first quarto seemed satisfactory, and not in need of alteration, it has been always retained; when this text appeared faulty, it has been altered from the subsequent editions, the reading which has the greatest weight of authority being chosen. When none of the early editions give a reading that can stand, recourse has been had to the later ones; conjectural emendations have been rarely mentioned, and never admitted into the text except when they appeared in our judgment to carry certain conviction of their truth with them. At the same time we wish to disclaim all idea of a bigoted adherence to the old editions, when the reading of a later edition is obviously superior. In cases of emendations, the first promulgator, and he only, has been mentioned. The nomenclature employed will be sufficiently obvious; the quartos being designated by the letters Q_1 Q_2 Q_3 Q_4 , and the folios F_1 F_2 ; if all the quartos agree, they are designated $Qq.$, and so the two folios $Ff.$ The note on v. 146 gives a clear instance:—*my*] Q_1 $Ff.$ *the*

$Q_2 Q_3 Q_4$;—this implies that the reading of the text *my* is given in the first quarto, has been altered to *the* by the second quarto, which the third and fourth quartos have followed; while the first folio has restored the *my*, and been followed by the second folio. Where no authority is alleged for the reading in the text, it is to be understood that it is the reading of all the quartos and folios not named for the variation.

The third and fourth folios, F_3 and F_4 , being little more than successive reprints of the second, have no claim to rank as independent authorities. Where the first and second folios agree, we have seldom thought it worth while to refer to the third or fourth; we have done so, where the first and second differ. In the latter case, where no note is made of the readings of F_3 , F_4 , it is to be understood that they follow F_2 .

The names of the editors from Rowe to Dyce are given in full, an emendation being mentioned sometimes in deference to the name of the critic rather than from its own intrinsic excellence.

The advantages of the plan seem to be three: (1) By this means, and by this means only, shall we have the best hope of arriving at Shakespeare's own text; it is only by careful attention to minute differences that it is possible to get at the true comparative value of an edition. When it is thus ascertained that any one edition is very decidedly superior to the rest, in doubtful cases its authority is paramount. (2) The comparative value of the early editions is thus seen at a glance, and a reading will acquire less or greater authority, not according to the number, but to the comparative value of the editions that contain it. Thus if it is pretty clear from a comparison of a number of readings that two or three editions are servilely copied from one, a reading that is supported by all these will have no more weight than another supported by only one edition, which is generally independent. (3) The

most careless reader will be able to see without trouble on what authority each word of the text depends. In all editions that we have at present, it is not without some considerable trouble that it can be ascertained on which of the early editions the text rests generally or in particular cases; in none is this always to be discovered. By our plan a reader will really have the same advantage as if he possessed all the early editions, and constantly referred to them for each individual passage.

With regard to the vexed question of spelling, we have not found the difficulty which we anticipated, and with which we were threatened by high authority. It seems to us that differences of orthography should be noted only (1) in passages where the reading is doubtful, and where it is important to keep in view the *ductus literarum* of early editions, and (2) in particular cases where such differences are remarkable or characteristic. To give all instances of variation would be simply absurd: no one of the early editions preserves even tolerable consistency in this respect; ordinary words being spelt in two following lines in a different manner, where by no possibility could the metre be affected by it, the difference being evidently due solely to the carelessness in spelling, which was at that time common to all. In the same way, obvious errors may generally be passed over, but should be carefully noted in special cases.

The punctuation of the earlier editions is so capricious and arbitrary, that it cannot be taken as a basis for that of a modern edition; nor is there any use in marking its variations, except in rare instances where the proper punctuation is doubtful owing to uncertainty in the reading, or ambiguity in the sense, as for instance in Sc. 1, line 15.

With regard to these and similar questions, while it is almost impossible to lay down precise rules beforehand, we feel sure that in practice all difficulties will disappear by the exercise of ordinary care and common sense.

For convenience of reference, we propose to number the lines.

We doubt whether it is worth while to note the variations in the stage directions as a general rule. In the present specimen we have adopted those generally given in the modern editions, and only marked variations where a particular case seemed to make them of exceptional importance.

It is believed that no omissions of importance will be found in the present fragment; at the same time it is sent forth rather to invite criticism and suggestions on the plan, than as an immaculate specimen of the plan as far as it goes. What we would then invite are not so much corrections of our own mistakes or omissions, as advice which may lead either to the improvement or the abandonment of the whole scheme.

LIST OF EDITIONS TO WHICH REFERENCE IS MADE.

Q ₁	The first quarto,	1597.
Q ₂	The second quarto,	1598.
Q ₃	The third quarto,	1608.
Q ₄	The fourth quarto,	1615.
F ₁	The first folio,	1623.
F ₂	The second folio,	1632.
Q ₅	The fifth quarto,	1634.

The third quarto is missing from the Capell collection. We have quoted its variations as given by Capell in his copy of the fourth.

Mr Collier mentions a unique quarto, dated 1608, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; this we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing; though in publishing an edition of Shakespeare, we should think it necessary to request permission to collate it. Of Q₆, the quarto of 1634, we have

given all the variations throughout the first scene, and generally afterwards; by which it will be perceived that, with rare exceptions, it agrees with the folios. However, there is one true reading in this Act due to this edition, l. 612.

W. G. CLARK.

H. R. LUARD.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March, 1860.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

KING RICHARD the SECOND.

EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York; }
JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; } uncles to the King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son
to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl BERKLEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } creatures to King Richard.
GREEN, }

Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, his son.

Lord ROSS. Lord WILLOUGHBY. Lord FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Sir PIERCE of Exton. Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King RICHARD.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene,—dispersedly in England and Wales.

* Om. Qq. Ff.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.† *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN of GAUNT, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear, 5
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should, 10
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face, 15
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

High-stomached are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

* So Ff. *The Tragedie of*, &c. Qq. Q₁ Q₃.

† Om. Qq. *Actus Primus. Scena*
prima, Ff.

3. *Hereford*] Q₅, *Herford* Qq. Ff.

15. *presence*;) Qq. Ff. omit the

3. *Henry*] Q₂ Q₄ Ff. Q₅, *Henrie* semicolon.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege! 20

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us, 25
As well appeareth by the cause you come:
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First,—(Heaven be the record to my speech) 30
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, 35
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live; 40
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move, 45
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain: 50
The blood is hot, that must be cooled for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hushed, and nought at all to say:

20. So Qq. Ff. *May many* Pope. Q₃ Q₄, *appealant* Ff. *appellant* Q₅.

22. *Nor.*] *Mowbray* Qq. Ff. 40—46. Om. Pope.

28. *Hereford*] *Herford* Q₁. 53. *hush'd*] *hush't* Q₁.

34. *appellant*] Q₁ Q₂, *appeallant*

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech; 55
 Which else would post, until it had returned
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him; 60
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable 65
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king, 70
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else, 75
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 It must be great that can inherit us 85
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;

57. doubled] Qq. doubly Ff. Q₅. canst devise, Ff. Q₅.

70. a] the Q₁ Q₅.

81. Or] O Q₂.

77. Spoke or thou canst worse devise] Q₁: om. worse Q₂, what thou canst devise Q₃ Q₄, spoken or thou

82. alive] alive, alive, Q₃ Q₄.

87. speak] Q₁, said Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Ff. Q₅.

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments, 90
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
 That ever was surveyed by English eye,
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years 95
 Complotted and contrived in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further, I say, and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
 That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death; 100
 Suggest his soon believing adversaries;
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth, 105
 To me for justice and rough chastisement;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
 Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this? 110

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears: 115
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 As he is but my father's brother's son,
 Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;

95. *for*] *of* Q₅.

97. *fetch*] Q₁, *fetcht* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₂ Q₅,
fetch'd F₁.

113. *slander*] *slānderer* Pope.

116. *my—my*] Q₁. *my—our* Ff.

our—our Q₅.

117. *my*] *our* Q₅.

121. *my*] *our* Q₅.

Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest. 125
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserved I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account, 130
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, 135
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begged 140
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appealed,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend; 145
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom;
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision: 155
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed;

127. *duly*] *Q*₁: om. *Q*₂ *Q*₃ *Q*₄ *Ff.* *Q*₅. *Qq.*

133. *my*] *Q*₁, *mine* *Q*₂ *Q*₃ *Q*₄ *Ff.* *Q*₅.

137. *did I*] *Qq.* *I did* *Ff.* *Q*₅.

139. *But ere*] *Ff.* *Q*₅, *Ah, but ere*

146. *my*] *Q*₁ *Ff.* *Q*₅, *the* *Q*₂ *Q*₃ *Q*₄.

152. *gentlemen*] *Ff.* *Q*₅, *gentleman* *Qq.*

154—157. om. *Pope.*

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age: 160
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot. 165

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
 The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
 Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have. 170
 I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here;
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
 Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
 Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame. 175

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame,
 And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford,
 Is spotless reputation; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay. 180
 A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try; 185
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!

163. *when? Obedience bids]* *when*
obedience bids, Obedience bids Q₁,
when? Obedience bids, Obedience bids
 Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Ff. Q₅.

173. *balm]* *blame* F₂ F₄.

176. *his]* *their* Pope.

177. So Ff. Q₅: Qq. put the period
 after *lord*.

180. *or]* and Q₄.

187. *up]* Qq. *downe* Ff. Q₅.

188. *God]* Qq. *Heaven* Ff. Q₅.
deep] Qq. *foule* Ff. Q₅.

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight,
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height 190
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear;
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, 195
 Where shame doth harbour even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day; 200
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate;
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
 Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms 205
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the DUKE of LANCASTER'S
 Palace.*

Enter JOHN of GAUNT, and DUCHESS of GLOCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's blood
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands 210
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;

190. *beggar-fear*] Q₁ Ff. Q₅, *begger-*
face Q₂ Q₃ Q₄, *beggar'd fear* F₃ F₄.

192. *my*] Qq. *mine* Ff. Q₅.

193. *parle*] Ff. Q₅, *parlee* Qq.

195. *his*] *this* Q₅.

196. *exit Gaunt.*] Ff. Q₅, om. Qq.

199. *lives*] Q₁ Ff. Q₅, *life* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.

203. *we shall*] Q₁, *you shall* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄
 Ff. Q₅.

204. *design*] *decide* Pope.

205. *command*] *bid* Pope.

206. *alarms*] *all armes* Q₄.

207. *Woodstock's*] Qq. *Glousters*
 Ff. *Glosters* Q₅.

Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur? 215
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course, 220
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt; 225
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest, 230
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair: 235
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. 240
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,

213. *they see*] Qq. Ff. *it sees* Pope,
he sees Steevens.

hours] *hower's* Q₃ Q₄.

214. *rain*] *raigne* F₁ Q₅.

218. *as*] om. Q₃ Q₄, *where are* Q₅.

226. *faded*] Qq. *vaded* Ff. Q₅.

229. *metal*] *mettle* Ff.

238. *murder*] Qq. *murther* Ff.

241. *thine*] *thy* Q₃.

243. *God's*—*God's*] Qq. *Heaven's*—
Heaven's] Ff.

Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully, 245
 Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where, then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. 250
 Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career, 255

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife 260

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it
 falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: 265

I take my leave before I have begun:

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go; 270

I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

248. *alas*] om. Q₁.

249. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

and] Qq. *to Ff.* Q₅.

252. *Hereford*] Q₁ F₂, *Herford* Q₂

Q₃ Q₄ F₁.

253. *sit*] Ff. Q₅, *set* Qq.

Hereford] Q₁ F₂, *Herford* Q₂

Q₃ Q₄ F₁.

254. *butcher*] *butchers* Q₁.

259. *Hereford*] Q₁ F₂, *Herford* Q₂

Q₃ Q₄ F₁.

260. *sometimes*] *someime* Pope.

265. *empty*] *emptines* Q₁.

268. *my*] *thy* Q₁.

Edmund] Qq. F₁, *Edward*

F₂ Q₅.

271. *Ah*] Qq. *Oh* Ff. Q₅.

But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones, 275
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me;—let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. 280
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a Throne. HERALDS, &c. attending.

Enter the LORD MARSHAL, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay 285
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms:
 Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
 To swear him in the justice of his cause. 290

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
 And why thou comest, thus knightly clad in arms;
 Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:

276. *hear]* *cheere* Q₁.

281. *Hereford]* F₂, *Herford* Qq. F₁.

283. *sprightly]* *sprightfull* F₂ F₃
 F₄.

284. *Appellant's]* Qq. *Appealants*

Ff.

293. *what]* Q₁, *what's* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Ff.

Q₅.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
As so defend thee Heaven, and thy valour! 295

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue, 300
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven! 305
[*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 310

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou
hither
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 315
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,

294. *thy*] Qq. *thine* Ff. Q₅.

295. *thee*] *the* Q₁.

297. *come*] *comes* F₁.

298. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff. Q₅.

300. *my*] Qq. *his* Ff. Q₅.

301. *Hereford*] F₂, *Herford* Qq. F₁.

308. *plated*] Qq. *placed* Ff. Q₅.

309. *formally*] *formerly* Q₄ F₁.

313. *comest*] Q₄, *com'st* Ff. Q₅, *comes*
Q₁ Q₂ Q₃.

315. *Hereford*] F₂, *Herford* Qq. F₁.
Derby] Q₅, *Darbie* Q₁ Q₂, *Darby*

Q₃ Q₄, *Derbie* Ff.

317. *God's*] Qq. *heaven's* Ff.

319. *he is*] Qq. *he's* Ff. Q₅.

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ; 320
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs. 325

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 330
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, 335
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear ; 340
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :
Not sick, although I have to do with death ; 345
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate 350
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;

332. *Appellant*] Qq. *Appealant* Ff.
Qs.

335. *Hereford*] F₂, *Herford* Qq. F₁.
right] Qq. *just* Ff. Q₅.

338. *thee*] Q₃ Q₄ Ff. Q₅, *the* Q₁ Q₂.

340. *gored*] *gorgde* Q₄.

345—348. Om. Pope.

349. *earthly*] Qq. *earthy* Ff. Q₅.

351. *vigour*] *rigor* F₁.

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat, 355
 And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
 Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 360
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!
[*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot, 365
 There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 370
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest, 375
 Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 380
 Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower, in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

356. *furbish*] Qq. Qs, *furnish* Ff.

358. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

362. *adverse*] Qq. *amaz'd* Ff. Qs.

364. *innocence*] *innocence*, *God*,
 Pope, *innocency* Steevens, Capell.

365. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

368. *captive*] *captain* Rowe.

380. *Hereford*] F₂, *Herford* Qq. F₁.

381. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

the] Q₁, *thy* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Ff. Q₅.

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself, 385
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-
 folk, 390

On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
 Courageously, and with a free desire, 395
 Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A Charge sounded.*]

Stay, The king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again. 400

Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

And list, what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled 405
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours' swords;
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 410
 With rival-hating envy, set on you
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
 Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, 415

388. *his God*] om. *his* Q₁.

389. *forwards*] *forward* Q₁.

404. *council*] *counsell* Q₁ Q₃ Q₄,
counsel Q₂, *councell* Ff. Q₅.

408. *civil*] *cruell* Q₁.

409—413. Om. Ff. Q₅.

411. *set on you*] *set you on* Pope.

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
 Therefore we banish you our territories:
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 420
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me; 425
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The sly-slow hours shall not determinate 430
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
 The hopeless word of—never to return
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth: 435
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learned these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego: 440
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony. 445
 Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
 Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

416. *wrathful iron]* *harsh resound-*
ing Q₁.

420. *life]* Qq. *death* Ff. Q₅.

421. *fields]* Q₁ Ff. *field* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.

430. *sly]* *slie* Qq. *slye* F₁ Q₅ F₂ F₄,

fly F₂, *fly* Pope.

447. *portcullis'd]* *perculist* Q₃ Q₄
 Ff. *purculist* Q₅.

446—9. Om. Pope.

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 450
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late. 455

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
 Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to God 460
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor never look upon each other's face; 465
 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 470

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemy;—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air, 475
 Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banished from this land;
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 480

Nor. No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,

452. *then*] om. Qq.

455. *too*] to F₂.

457. *solemn*] *sullen* W. S. Walker.

460. *you*] Ff. Q₅, y' Qq.

460, 463. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

465, 6, 8. *never*] Qq. *ever* Ff. Q₅.

466. *nor*] Qq. or Ff. Q₅.

467. *lowering*] *loving* Q₃ Q₄.

473. *fare*] Qq. F₁, *farre* F₂ Q₅.

478. *the*] Qq. *this* Ff. Q₅.

And I from heaven banished, as from hence.
 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.— 485
 Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.
 [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banished years 490
 Plucked four away: six frozen winters spent,
 Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
 End in a word; such is the breath of kings. 495

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
 He shortens four years of my son's exile:
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
 For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about, 500
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live. 505

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow:
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; 510
 Thy word is current with him for my death;
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advise,
 Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave;

484. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
 487. *exit*] Q₁ F₁, om. Q₂ Q₃ F₂ Q₅.
 495. *a*] *one* Q₄.
 496. *thank*] *think* Rowe.
 499. *the*] *these* Q₅.
 500. *their*] Qq. *the* F₂ Q₅.

502. *night*] *nights* Q₁ Q₂.
 507. *sullen*] Qq. *sudden* Ff. Q₅.
 513. *upon*] *with* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 advise] Qq. *advice* Ff. Q₅.
 514. *party*] *party*, Q₂ Q₃.

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower? 515

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
 You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
 You would have bid me argue like a father:
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I would have been more mild: 520
 A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
 Alas, I looked, when some of you should say,
 I was too strict to make mine own away;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue, 525
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Exit. Flourish.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
 From where you do remain, let paper show. 530

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you, 535
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 540

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps. 545
 Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home return.

519—522. om. Ff. Q₅.

520. would] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄, should Q₁.

521. sought] Q₃ Q₄, ought Q₁ Q₂.

542. travel] travaille Qq.

546. a foil] a foyle Q₂, as foyle Q₁,
 a soyle Q₃ Q₄ Ff. Q₅.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love. 550
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits, 555
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee:
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit, 560
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exiled thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime. 565
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou treadest, the presence strewed;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more 570
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus? 575
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no, the apprehension of the good 580
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

548—573. Om. Ff. Q₅, Pope omits

548—554 without remark.

560. *woe*] *who* Q₃ Q₄.581. *gives*] *give* Q₄.582. *never*] Qq. *ever* Ff. Q₅.

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay. 585

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil,
adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet :

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the KING'S Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle, 590
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. 'Faith, none for me : except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces, 595
Awaked the sleeping rheum ; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with
him ?

Aum. Farewell : 600

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.

583. *it*] *he* Q₁.
lanceth] Ff. Q₅, *launceth* Q₁,
launcheth Q₂, *lancheth* Q₃ Q₄.

587. *that*] Qq. *which* Ff. Q₅.

590. *Aumerle*] *Humerle* Q₄.

591. *Hereford*] *Herford* F₁ Q₃ Q₄.

592. *Hereford*] F₂, *Herford* Qq.
F₁.

595. *for*] *by* F₂ Q₅.

596. *blew*] Qq. Q₅, *grew* Ff.

faces] Q₁ Q₂, *face* Q₃ Q₄ Ff.

Q₅.

597. *sleeping*] Q₁ Q₂, *sleepie* Q₃ Q₄
Ff. *sleepy* Q₅.

599. *our*] Q₁ Ff. Q₅, *your* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.

604. *words*] Qq. *word* Ff. Q₅.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthened hours, 605
 And added years to his short banishment,
 He should have had a volume of farewells;
 But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment, 610
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observed his courtship to the common people:
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy; 615
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench; 620
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With 'Thanks my countrymen, my loving friends;'
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope. 625

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts,
 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss. 630

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us 635
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,

605. *Marry*] but Pope.
have] had F₂ Q₅.

609. *cousin, cousin*] *cosin* (*cosin*)
 Ff. Q₅, *coosens coosin* Q₁, *coosens cosin*
 Q₂, *coosins coosin* Q₃ Q₄.

611. *come*] comes Q₂ Q₃.

612. *Bagot here and Green*] Q₅,
heere Bagot and Green Ff. om. Qq.

616. *what*] Ff. Q₅, with Qq.

617. *smiles*] Qq. Q₅, *soules* Ff.

636. *that*] *they* F₂ Q₅.

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants; 640
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him. 645

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it God, in the physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats 650
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
 Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*All*]. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*

642. *enter Bushy*] *enter Bushy with*
news Qq.

Bushy, what news?] Ff. om.

Qq.

643. *grievous*] Qq. *verie* Ff. *very* Q₅.

648. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.

648. *in the*] Q₁, *into the* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄,
in his Ff. Q₅.

653. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.

Amen] Qq. om. Ff. Q₅.

exeunt] Qq. *exit* Ff. Q₅.

